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Broken Faith

IT WAS at the three quarter period of the war that Americans thought most intensely about the world and called it one, or global or anything else that meant that you could not sit happily in a back yard without anyone—hungry and annoyed at your laughter—throwing dead cats over the fence when you were dining out of doors under the Venetian lanterns. Of course Americans could not know that the war was three quarters over when they were doing their international thinking. You only know how long a war is going to be when it is ended. But Americans knew that the casualty lists were getting long enough to worry about; we knew that we had allies; we were extremely and naturally interested in the fortunes of our allies because their fortunes and misfortunes were indissolubly linked with our own; we knew that victory would come and we knew, or were convinced that we knew, that victory had to mean a new world order of justice and solidarity or else there would be chaos.

In those days everyone was writing books about the world we were going to make, everyone was planning the peace, and it took no arguing to make people agree that the peace had to be for everyone. You did not have to demonstrate—it was self evident—that peace meant very little unless the peoples of the world could eat if they were hungry, be clothed if naked, be housed and warmed in their houses in the winter time. In those days we set up UNRRA; every hour throughout those days we broadcast to the conquered countries that they were about to be freed—and fed; every minute of those hours we were aware of the links that bound us to our friends and even, beyond the war, to our enemies; we lived in permanent awareness that all humanity was suffering and that all men, everywhere, after the suffering could be ended, would look at each other in the silence of peace, recognize each other, with the differences of language not mattering any more, stand at each other's side, comprehending, collaborating, with the ruins everywhere, but with hope everywhere also, and an advance everywhere undertaken in common into the future.

It was the war that held us together; the peace that divides. The world is unconsolable if that is so.

But something more has to be said. Thinking is not a question of mood. You either think right or you think wrong. We were either right or wrong when the pressure of the war was upon us and we thought that the world must stand or fall as a unit. We were either right or wrong when the bombs fell on England and we grieved with the British people, when the ships sailed to England bringing food to the British, and we thought it natural to imperil ships for that purpose. We were either right or wrong when we promised food, coal and clothing to the liberated countries, and we thought that promise the most natural of all promises to make.

If we were right then we are wrong now. If we are wrong now we shall not roll to happiness in the bright new cars coming from the factories.

If, as we thought, the world really is a unit, we shall not be happy in the years of the promised boom. We shall not be happy now that we are allowing the world to fall to pieces. If we do not get coal to Europe and to England before the winter we shall not be happy. We shall not be and we cannot be happy if we do not get food to Europe and reestablish communications in Europe even if to do so may cost us a great deal. In money, initiative, effort. We have stopped Lend-Lease; if we do not find an immediate substitute for Lend-Lease the people of Britain and the peoples of Europe will be cold and desperate this winter, uncertain and abandoned. Their state will not make our state the happier.

Broken promises are broken promises. What we are breaking now, through indecision, indifference and loss of faith, is the world's hope—our own hope—of peace.

War Criminal Trials

TO those who concern themselves with civil liberties, that vital phase of the operation of any society pretending to political democracy, the question of the war criminals has been a troubling one. The public records of the men charged with atrocities and other crimes hardly entitle them to

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had never seen, the cartoonists who have been drawing them in trees with tails were not in charge on the USS *Missouri* when the Japanese signed the surrender. Mr. Walter Winchell was not in charge, Mr. Johannes Steel was not assisting; when the war was won, the people who won the war managed to get along without the people who had only chattered like monkeys their hatred throughout the war. The people who fought the Japanese managed to get along very well without the people who had not fought the Japanese when the victory came and the defeated Japanese stood before them and the guns were silent.

The ceremony of surrender is a solemn one because surrender is signed in the presence of the dead. It is a question of respect for the dead. The dead have defined a condition of defeat; the dead also, the victorious dead, have defined a victory. That is why it is fitting that the ceremonial of surrender, the ratification of the defeat and of the victory, should be attended to entirely, arranged and ordered entirely, by the combatants, the Japanese and American combatants, who have been most close to the dead and who speak for the dead. General MacArthur had to a full degree the dignity of the occasion. There was no arrogance, no boasting, no variant on that horrid dance in the forest of Compiègne.

> We are gathered here, representative of the major warring powers, to conclude a solemn agreement whereby peace may be restored. . . . Nor is it for us here to meet, representing as we do a majority of the peoples of the earth, in a spirit of distrust, malice or hatred. But rather it is for us, both victors and vanquished, to rise to that higher dignity which alone benefits the sacred purposes we are about to serve, committing all of our peoples unreservedly to faithful compliance with the undertakings they are here formally to assume.

Admiral Nimitz had the full dignity of the occasion. He remembered the dead: "On Guam is a military cemetery in a green valley not far from my headquarters. The ordered rows of white crosses stand as reminders of the heavy cost we have paid for victory." On Guam and on the other islands and in the seas the dead rest and it is all right that he did not speak of the Japanese dead, but they rest also and there are people to remember them. Indistinguishable the dead lie wherever they lie and the grief of whoever misses them is the same grief; the passage into peace everywhere, in Hiroshima, in New York, for the victors and for the vanquished, is a march not unaccompanied by the dead. That is why our gratitude is sincere and great to the Supreme Allied Commander, General MacArthur, and to Admiral Nimitz, who, in Tokio Bay, spoke quietly, justly and reasonably in triumph.

Admiral Halsey was present, of course, and after the ceremony said that he would "like to have kicked each Japanese delegate in the face."

Where Food Counts

IT IS a startling, shocking fact that except for a few odd lots of negligible quantity the United States has not shipped to Czechoslovakia, Greece, Italy, Poland and Yugoslavia—the countries where officials find the bitter need most urgent—any meats, fats or oils. The foodstuffs of this type UNRRA has managed to procure for the purpose have come from Canada and England. Largely because of America's failure to make the commodities available, UNRRA's deliveries of fats and oils, salt and dried fish and dairy products have been way below schedule. And even today, when the effects of starvation in a country such as Italy upon our own political objectives have been clearly shown and the crucial situation in Europe threatens to undo the fruits of the Allied military victory, there are no substantial indications that the necessary remedial steps are to be taken. The US and Canada are slightly to increase their monthly wheat shipments (bumper crops are adding to already vast surpluses). A considerable amount of horse meat is also to go to Europe. But, on the other hand, the 12,000,000 pounds of fatback purchased by the American Government for UNRRA was recently released for our own civilian consumption.

In the light of Europe's plight the spectacle of millions of "gas-happy" Americans eagerly seeking the cessation of the last few rationing restrictions on their rich and varied diet is simply nauseating. American civilians have not known what the term *privation* meant. When more European ports are opened and UNRRA has twice again as many American army trucks, relief and rehabilitation can be somewhat more effective. But little will avail if for this critical winter the US does not provide immeasurably larger quantities of vitally needed foodstuffs. The wheat surplus is ample to meet all demands; and if need be Americans can maintain or stiffen the rationing of the meats and dairy products urgently needed by so many European mothers. There is adequate shipping space in the vessels which week after week bring back American servicemen from the European war theater. What is needed is national determination to get vital foodstuffs to Europe when it counts most—for the men, women and children directly concerned and the lasting peace Americans have fought for.

"All is Well"

HITHERTO we have been of two minds about the Committee for Economic Development. As an indication that a number of American business executives had recognized their responsibility for maintaining a steady level of employment the Committee, by its mere existence, was a welcome arrival. And further, by directing the attention

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of manufacturers engaged in war work to the task ahead of them in peacetime, it was performing a useful function. As the months passed, however, our impression grew that in actuality the Committee intended to do little more than go through a certain number of genial motions. It could point to a large number of "locals" scattered nationwide, a goal of so many million jobs—without the practical steps to attain that goal—and a vague desire to stimulate private business to expand facilities and available jobs once the war was won.

In recent months the suspicion has grown that since so little of a practical, constructive nature was emerging from so much dining, conferring and releasing to the press, the real object of the organization was primarily propagandistic. Its purpose was to spread the idea that business itself could take the employment problem in stride if only it were relieved of dampening "government interference." From time to time we have expressed our doubts in these pages. Such doubts are sharply reawakened by the account printed in the New York *Times,* September 4, consisting primarily of reports from various CED locals. It must be borne in mind that these reports are published at the very moment of the hearings in Washington on the Full Employment Bill. The unanimous tenor is that we have been very foolish to worry about the postwar job situation. East, Middle West, Pacific Coast—all tell the same story. In Philadelphia the peak of unemployment, to be reached next March, will total no more than 5 to 8 percent of the 900,000 available workers. The Cincinnati area is "spotty" but a number of big firms there "are seeking sizable quantities of additional help." San Francisco is, and will continue to be, even better off than Philadelphia, while even a war boom district such as San Diego can foresee unemployment by the end of the year less than it was in 1940. (For hands laid off by warplane factories are for the most part obligingly "leaving the city, quitting the labor force or getting other jobs.") All this contrasts strangely with *Business Week's* September 1 estimate of a peak reconversion unemployment figure of 9,000,000.

CED's is a soothing lullaby. Can the American people afford to listen?

Lesson of Pearl Harbor

MR. BYRNES'S shocked annoyance at the criticism of Mr. Hull in the Army Board's report on Pearl Harbor seems to us out of place. We do not know whether Mr. Hull deserves the strictures leveled against him, yet to suggest that our foreign policy bears no relation to our armed strength, that our Army and Navy have no right to interest themselves in what the State Department does, is patently absurd. We would be the first to insist that the armed forces remain the servants of the people and therefore refrain entirely from policy making, yet, at the same time, since in the last analysis it is they who must enforce policy, they have not only the right but the duty at least to ask that policy be kept within the limits of their means to enforce it. Only to the nation's peril can the State Department talk tough to a well-armed power like Japan in 1941 while Congress refuses adequately to build up our military strength.

It is precisely the lack of understanding of the relationship between policy and power which has continuously characterized our national action. We are forever biting off more than we can chew. Geography, our natural wealth and the quality of our people have in each case ultimately saved the day—and the greatest of these is geography. But for obvious technical reasons this greatest of our national bulwarks is pretty well wiped out. We need to learn the lesson that right needs might if it wants to swing its weight in the world.

We repeat that we do not say this in criticism of Mr. Hull. He had to work within the boundaries of a very difficult governmental system and had to contend with a people largely ignorant of the very nature of our foreign interests and even of the necessity for a genuine foreign policy. But we do say that the generals have every right to object to what Mr. Hull did. Their analysis would have gone deeper had they bluntly declared that the American people and its representatives at the time of Pearl Harbor needed to learn the simple truth that you cannot swing a big stick without a stick to swing.

One commentator, who admits that the "long, bitter struggle for recognition of air power following the last war has scorched my disposition," calls our foreign policy prior to Pearl Harbor "juvenile, dangerous, naïve, changeable and detestable." He hints that it continues to be so. We must grant that the adjectives all apply. But again why not go deeper? As Mr. William Franklin Sands has so long pointed out in the columns of THE COMMONWEAL and elsewhere, any real and consistent foreign policy requires basically a national and popular demand for such a policy. And it further requires a national willingness to foot the bill. Mechanically the two-thirds rule in the Senate merely serves to make the practical achievement of such a policy—even assuming that the people want it—doubly difficult. It is upon such things, rather than upon the relatively unimportant question of whether Mr. Hull's language was too strong, or whether a given lieutenant was not taking his job seriously enough, that Americans should reflect as a result of Pearl Harbor—reflect and take stock for the future.

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Our Precarious Culture

AMERICAN devotion to the machine, and to a false concept of the machine, obscures a simple fact, which is that we have not yet reached the stage where more than a relatively small proportion of the goods we consume and enjoy can be made entirely, or even almost entirely, by automatic machinery. Into the making of almost everything we use and enjoy automatic machinery enters, yet in *absolutely everything* we use and enjoy, hand production remains an essential element. Toolmakers, moulders, patternmakers and the artisans who fashion working models are essentially *handi*craftsmen. Without them, no automobiles, no refrigerators, no radios.

The fallacy of our notion of the machine lies precisely in our unawareness that without skilful *hands,* machinery cannot exist. Hence we dream of a day when the only use to which human fingers need be put is pushing buttons. And as this seems to us infinitely desirable, we automatically tend to set up in our minds a hierarchy of prestige far worse than the old hierarchy of the aristocrats. Instead of ranking work from menial to noble, we rank it from anything which requires heavy exertion (the lowest) to that which can be done without any exertion (the highest). Both standards are far removed from the Christian idea, which holds that useful work is noble work; but the standard to which we cleave is the more ignominious, since in practice it amounts to a glorification of laziness, or, to use a more polite expression, of physical comfort and ease. In practice this standard of ours is demonstrated by the fact that in most communities the banker, who does a very minimum of physical work, stands at the head of the social scale. A salesman is viewed as socially superior to a mechanic, and a bond salesman, as long as his wares are conventional, is socially superior to a salesman of shoes, for the former traffics in the most abstract and intangible of goods, whereas the latter deals with something you can heft and handle and lace up.

Of course there is another American tradition which glorifies the fellow who is handy with tools, and this is a sound tradition indeed, which is far from dead. But reflection convinces one that this older attitude is not the governing attitude in our society, and has not been for some years. Ask any labor organizer who has tried to get members for a white collar union. He will tell you that his greatest obstacle lies in the feeling of white collar workers that they are above such things. Unions are for the socially inferior who work with their hands; our society instinctively recompenses them for their less desirable labors by paying them three or four times as much as it pays those elegant people, the white collar workers. This is true in direct proportion to the amount of manual dexterity and dirty fingers a job entails. Thus printers and engravers and cabinetmakers are paid far higher wages even than those who work on a factory assembly line, the latter—since they are closer to the machine—being presumably in part rewarded by the prestige of proximity to that which we view as the symbol of a completely button-punching future.

Last week, sticking close to the newsworthy, I outlined the facts concerning our shocking deficit in skilled workers for the building trades. It is easy to blame the unions for this, pointing out that they failed in the years between the two wars to train an adequate number of apprentices. But does not the problem go far deeper? Suppose that the building trades had been willing and economically able to take on all the apprentices reasonable foresight might have required. Would enough young Americans have been willing to go through with such apprenticeships? Has not the father-to-son tradition in the American building trades *in part* been made *necessary* by the unwillingness of most young Americans to earn their livings with their hands, rather than with machines?

There are a number of highly skilled trades in which organized unions play substantially no part, in which the pay is excellent, and in which apprentices have been eagerly sought yet have been notably absent. Cabinet making, silversmithing, flatware engraving, wood carving are good examples. Both craftsmen and employers have been clamoring for young men to learn these trades. They have clamored in vain.

The truth is that in all the hand trades we have been for several generations parasites upon the culture of Europe. Our stone carvers, watch makers, even many of our printers learned their trades abroad and were then induced by high wages to practice them in this country, thus leaving native Americans free to concern themselves with salesmanship, management and mass manufacturing. Not for an instant do I wish to deny the essential necessity of these latter occupations, nor to belittle them. The point is that they cannot exist without the former—without the skilled crafts. Circumstances are now such that we can no longer rely upon Europe to supply us with the craftsmen we need. First of all, Europe cannot spare them to us. Secondly we, with our set against immigration, will not accept them no matter how badly we need them. Hence we are confronted with the basic necessity of changing our standards; and if we are to meet our own demand for the goods which only skilled craftsmen can supply us, we shall have to change quickly. Particularly it behooves our educators to understand the problem and by every means at their disposal persuade our young people that learning a trade is not a disgrace.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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Russia and Turkey

A study of Soviet interests in the Near-East

Alexander Baird

While we do not find Russian policy as clearly committed to aggression as does Mr. Baird, the evidence on which he bases his point of view is sufficient to warrant our presenting that point of view to COMMONWEAL *readers. It should be repeated that our editorial judgment on this as on other questions is to be found exclusively in our editorials.*—THE EDITORS.

IN A WORLD dominated by Big Powers, Turkey has managed to survive as an independent state only because she was fortunate enough not to be located between the imperial grindstones of Germany and Russia, but rather on the crossroads of three continents, in an area in which German, Russian and British influences offset one another.

Turkey is by no means an isolated example of a small nation threatened by the imperial ambitions of a Big Power. Only those small nations that are located on the outskirts of two spheres of influence have a chance for survival. Every shift of the "frontier" separating those spheres of influence will cause small nations to be absorbed by the expanding power. However, the last few small nations that fall prey to the aggressive Big Power will not perish unavenged, for every shift in the zones of influence will only bring the bellicose super-states nearer to each other's throats.

For some time it has been evident that Russia would turn toward the Near East after consolidating her conquests in Eastern and Central Europe. Having secured an outlet in the Aegean through the intermediary of her satellite state of Yugoslavia, Russia is now intent on acquiring a new position in the Mediterranean. In fulfilment of her ambitious plan she must step over the threshold of the Middle East guarded by the small but realistic Turkish nation. The extensive concessions which Russia has demanded as a necessary condition for the signing of a new treaty of friendship with Turkey have a very familiar ring and foreshadow events which are bound to have a far-reaching effect on peace in the Middle East.

Until recently there were but a few signs pointing toward Russia's imperial ambitions in the Middle East. One of these was the steps taken in 1944 toward the unification of the eight Eastern Orthodox Patriarchates under the leadership of the Russian, government-controlled Orthodox Church. Similar action was taken by the Russian Government to reorganize and strengthen Moslem centers in order to facilitate the spread of Soviet propaganda through Moslem channels. Moslem organizations devoted exclusively to Russian propaganda quickly sprang up all over the Middle East. And for the first time in the history of Soviet Russia carefully selected citizens of the Russian Orthodox and the Moslem faiths were allowed to make pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre and to Mecca and, incidentally, to travel all over the Middle East and Egypt as Russian propagandists.

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Another more definite indication of Russia's increasing interest in the Middle East was revealed in her attitude on the Franco-British dispute in Syria. On that occasion Russia appeared very eager to assume the rôle of mediator and protector—a rôle that has always proved profitable in imperial controversies. It follows the old imperial Russian tradition by which the tzars acquired the Far Eastern territories of China and spread their influence in the Balkans.

At present that rôle enables Russia to exploit both the frictions among the short-sighted Western Powers and the traditional unrest in the colonial and semi-colonial mandate territories under the guise of supporting the cause of colonial freedom. The latter has always been an integral part of the revolutionary propaganda aimed at weakening England and France. Even in the heroic days of the Russian revolution the freedom of colonial peoples was regarded as a mere by-product in the struggle against the Western capitalist powers. The full circle toward reaction described by Russia since then transformed that part of her revolutionary propaganda into a useful instrument of Russian imperialism which re-emerged streamlined around 1926.

Russian and British interests are bound to clash in the Middle East—economically, politically or even militarily. The inevitability of that clash becomes apparent now as Russia prepares to carve out her zone of influence in the Middle East by the methods she used so successfully in Eastern Europe. Modifications in that method will

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of course be necessary, but the purpose—territorial aggrandizement—will be the same. The Pan-Islamic movement will be substituted for the Pan-Slavic movement and the slogan "liberation from the yoke of foreign fascists" will be used against the Western Powers.

General de Gaulle's handling of the Syrian crisis demonstrated his awareness of the coming Russo-British clash in the Middle East. He understands very well that every local controversy in the Middle East can be blown up into a serious international crisis, given the existing tensions generated by the precarious balance of power in that area. Russian pressure in the Middle East comes so dangerously close to the nerve center of the British Empire, to its vital lines of communication and defense, that Great Britain simply cannot afford to abdicate there with the same diplomatic indifference she displayed in relinquishing the control of Central and Eastern Europe to Russia.

By suggesting that Russia should participate in the Franco-British dispute over Syria, de Gaulle hoped to make Great Britain more amenable to the French point of view. British interests in the Middle East are incomparably greater than those of France and the General could safely and profitably pit Russia against Britain. His move is typical of the future policies of the small nations which will be able to maintain their territorial and political integrity only by playing the imperial interest of one Big Power against those of another.

As one journalist, expressing the official French point of view, put it: "Neither France nor Great Britain has an interest in seeing the development of an influence of a third great power over the Arab world. Since, after the second World War," he continued, "we are still reduced to talking about 'spheres of influence,' neither France nor Great Britain has any interest in seeing the Arabic Orient enter into the Russian zone, and the oil of Mosul being thrown into the immeasurable riches of Ploesti and Baku."

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Thus the fate of Turkey cannot possibly be separated from the future of Great Britain and of the Middle East as a whole. Whatever the immediate outcome of the Russo-Turkish tension, the future will make more apparent the increasing unrest within the Moslem world. All the traditional weapons of imperial rivalry will be used including insidious propaganda, gun running, and the usual glowing slogans about the freedom of all the colonial and semi-colonial peoples. At the San Francisco Conference Russia went on record as a champion of colonial freedom.

While Russian pressure in Iran was only a prelude, the concessions demanded of Turkey unmistakably mark the beginning of the Russian political and strategic offensive against Great Britain. This offensive will fill the first chapter of the post-war history which some people insist will be the history of a new and better world of lasting peace. It is probably for the sake of these Western sentimentalists that the realistic Russians open their latest offensive with their proverbial demand for the "friendship" of Turkey.

The term "friendship" as it is used by Russia in regard to her smaller neighbors means that Russia expects from them territorial concessions, a number of special economic and military privileges and their collaboration in the Russian power block directed against any powers which might oppose her further expansion.

The price of friendship to be paid in the form of Turkish territory includes the strategic districts of Kars Artvin and Ardahan and part of Turkish Thrace. While the former are to be ceded to Russia directly, the Thracian territory is to be given to the one-time Axis partner and now Russian buffer state of Bulgaria. Russia's historical claims to Kars and Ardahan can be supported only by the greed for territory shown by the Russian Empire during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, as a result of which Turkey was forced by the Treaty of Berlin to cede those territories to Russia who kept them for 43 years until she voluntarily returned them to Turkey under the terms of the Russo-Turkish Treaty of October 31, 1921.

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No ethnographic or racial reasons similar to those advanced in the direct annexation of Eastern Poland can be claimed by Russia this time. The territory in question is inhabited by a great variety of ethnographic groups resulting from centuries of migrations and intermixing. Instead of "Slavic brethren" this area is inhabited by Kurds, Kabardians, Circassians, Ossetas and Kara-papaks. However, since the territory of Russia contains representatives of nearly all the human races, if she wanted to assert additional racial claims to territory on this basis, she would be justified in asking for half of Europe and all Asia.

The military privileges to be granted by Turkey in exchange for Russia's friendship include bases in the Bosporus and the Dardanelles which both countries are to defend in common. While the future enemy is not specified, the old imperial pattern of imposed protectorates and land-grabbing is nevertheless apparent. Since Turkey was not invaded by Germany even during the second World War, and since Germany will be eliminated as a possible aggressor in the foreseeable future, the only aggressors powerful enough to challenge Russia in this area would be

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either the United States or Great Britain, or a combination of both.

To the same group of military and strategic concessions belongs the Russian demand for the revision of the International Treaty of Montreux, signed July 20, 1936, and fixing the status of the Dardanelles and the Bosporus Straits. The Straits were demilitarized by the Treaty of Lausanne of July 24, 1923, and ruled by the International Commission of Straits. The Treaty returned the Straits to Turkey and allowed for their fortification. Since then Turkey has adhered strictly to the Montreux Convention and did not allow the transit of any warships, German or otherwise, through the Straits. The argument that Russia is "bottled up" by the Turkish trusteeship of the Straits is invalid, since according to the Montreux Convention the passage of commercial fleets is absolutely unhampered by Turkey. Furthermore, Russia's pre-war participation in international trade amounted to less than two percent of total world trade and it is not expected to increase since the Russian economy is largely self-sufficient. The Turkish objection to the passage of warships through the middle of her territory, with Istanbul within range of their guns, hardly requires further justification.

The third, as yet unspecified, but nonetheless certain prerequisite of Russia's grant of friendship to Turkey, is Russia's right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Turkish nation. A friendly government in Soviet eyes means a government completely subordinated either to the official rulers of Russia or to the interpreters of their will within the countries marked for absorption. Such a situation can be created only if all the actual and potential opponents of Russian domination are completely eliminated. Because of the popular hatred of fascism in democratic countries the method of eliminating all opposition to Russia consists in launching a fascist witch-hunt against all those who dare to question Russian policies.

The purges in Europe are limited not only to the real fascists, but include all those who oppose Russian domination. In the current communist jargon whoever opposes Russia is a fascist and since liberals, democrats, socialists and all types of conservatives oppose both the authoritarian form of the Russian government and direct or indirect domination by Russia, they are purged as fascists. The purge either eliminates them physically or frightens them into silence and political inactivity. Those among them too weak to resist are persuaded to assume protective coloration and jump on the Russian bandwagon.

Since Turkey and Sweden are the immediate objectives of Russia in her drives west and south, her spokesmen try to create the impression that both countries protect and favor elements inimical to Russia's expansion and are therefore "fascist." Thus, a Russian radio commentator, expressing the official view, stated: "The present attacks on the Soviet Union in the Swedish and Turkish press go to show that some circles in Sweden and Turkey have not given up their pro-Fascist policy to this day. Like Franco they are still hoping that their work will be appreciated in certain quarters." The reference to "certain quarters" applies obviously to the Western Allies who may prove fascist enough to protect the independence and freedom of those few small nations which so far have not been submerged in the Russian imperial offensive. While it is too late to expect the terms of the Atlantic Charter to have any influence on the actions of the Western Allies—they may eventually be impelled to act by the seriousness of the increasing threats to their own interests.

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The attempt to implicate the Western Allies with the fascists is by no means a recent development. The Greek communist guerrillas did not hesitate to brand the British "foreign fascists." In the persistent Belgian crisis the Belgian Government is constantly represented by the communists as owing its existence exclusively to British and not popular support. The constant attacks against the Belgian and French governments on account of their alleged leniency toward "fascists and collaborators" is part of the same party line.

No one can be surprised, therefore, at the Russian attacks against the Turkish and Swedish "fascists" whose only fascist feature is their well justified fear of Russian domination. It is worth nothing that their diplomatic pressure of Russia against Sweden and Turkey was coordinated with the satellite state of Yugoslavia, which recalled all its officials from both countries. The recall of Yugoslav officials from Istanbul on June 5, 1945, was the first announcement of the approaching crisis. It is certain that in the present Soviet action against Turkey, the puppet states of Rumania and Bulgaria will join Yugoslavia. It looks as if the friendly embrace by the Russian bear may ultimately squeeze Turkey from the family of free nations.

Meanwhile, our Turkish Ally, who has become small in the world of Big Powers, is most likely to draw fire from that section of the American press which in recent years specialized in the glorification of Russia's foreign policy. Attempts will probably be made, not only to represent the Turkish Government as fascist, but to prove that Turkey has always been fascist and was a staunch collaborator of Germany during the war. This charge was first made in an article written for the *Red Star*, the Russian Army paper, by its political analyst I. Yermasheff, accusing Turkey

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of having carried on a policy favorable to fascism during the war.

Since the sounding boards here and abroad are sure to repeat and expand these charges, it might be worth while to recall briefly Turkey's foreign policy during the war and to explain the extremely dangerous situation in which she found herself because of the early blunders of the Big Powers.

As a small nation, weak militarily and industrially, the Turks could not have dreamed of having an entirely independent foreign policy. In the faint hope of preserving their own independence, they were forced to maneuver between the Scylla and Charybdis of the Big Powers, who were too much preoccupied with their own affairs to bother with the protection of Turkey's territorial integrity. The Turks as the closest neighbors of Russia have never had illusions either as to the true character of the Soviet state or as to the expediency of its foreign policy. Friction between Turkey and Russia has a long history and while the ideological accents in Russian diplomatic phraseology kept changing, the real issues remained the same. Turkey has always been guilty of being in the way of Russian imperialism by the virtue of her very existence. In the early post-revolutionary period Russo-Turkish relations improved considerably, despite Turkey's objections to the Russian régime, which she felt was Russia's own affair. When the general orientation of Russia's foreign policy began to revert back to the pre-revolutionary pattern, Turkey grew more apprehensive—and with good reason.

On the other hand, Turkey had no illusions as to the direction along which Nazi imperialism was going to expand. For the old pattern of Russian imperialism was aimed at the Turkish Straits, while the old German imperialism moved along the Berlin-Baghdad line. Turkey knew that the ultimate victory of any of them would spell her own doom. Her instinct of self-preservation, therefore, made her look with favor either on an equilibrium of power between Germany and Russia in Europe and an equilibrium between England and Russia, or possibly Germany, in the Middle Eastern zone of influence. In any case she had little or nothing to fear from Great Britain and the United States, at least in the period between 1938 and 1945, when the accounts between Russia and the Western Allies were not yet being settled at the expense of the small nations.

★

The Munich appeasement of 1938 and the Czechoslovak crisis that followed delivered a heavy blow to Turkish hopes. It exposed the weakness and unpreparedness of the Western Powers which meant to the Turks that Hitler had been given *carte blanche* in his expansion down the Berlin-Baghdad line. It indicated also that Russia was either unprepared or unwilling to come to the aid of the Balkan nations.

The Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939 gave Hitler freedom of action against Great Britain and France and divided Poland between Germany and Russia. Nazi Germany appeared to be completely unhampered in her conquest of Europe.

After the Munich crisis, Turkey shared the nervousness of all the Balkan nations, and that nervousness made German economic domination of the Balkans so much easier. As a result new trade agreements were negotiated with Yugoslavia. Bulgaria, who had just obtained a large loan from France, floated another loan in Germany for rearmament purposes. A new trade treaty was negotiated between Germany and Rumania.

On the other end of the Berlin-Baghdad line, the Reich's Minister of Economics, Dr. Walter Funk, granted a credit of 150 million marks to Turkey. While the economic enslavement of the Balkans, which for a long time suffocated economically because it lacked commercial outlets, was entering its final stage, Turkey managed to maintain a relative trade equilibrium between Germany and Great Britain.

The fall of France and the withdrawal of British troops from Europe indicated a British defeat, or at best—considering the stubborn resistance of Great Britain—a stalemate. The Nazi invasian of Russia, which swept that country into the ranks of the democracies, put Turkey in a completely helpless position.

At the high tide of German power in 1942 and 1943, Turkey was surrounded on three sides by German troops. In the opinion of our own military experts, stated on April 27, 1945, by Commander John Shaw Young, former United States naval attaché in Moscow, "there was little doubt that had Turkey become belligerent, Axis forces would have poured across Turkey to attack the Russians from the lower Caucasus, to cut off Allied oil supplied from Iraq, to cut the Persian corridor to Russia, to strike Suez from the Asiatic side and to move on to India for a meeting with the Japanese driving from Burma." This shows how vitally important was the preservation of Turkish non-belligerency and exposes the real nature of Yermasheff's accusations levelled against Turkey in the present "war of nerves."

★

All through the war German pressure on Turkey was relentless. Franz von Papen, the shrewdest and most subtle of German diplomats, was assigned to Ankara. Dr. Karl Clodius, von Papen's counterpart in economic warfare, forced clearing and compensation agreements on Turkey under the threat of military action. Those agree-

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ments helped Germany to squeeze many needed imports from Turkey such as chrome, material for tanning hides, oil seeds, copper, sheepskins, raw cotton and mohair, tobacco, opium, pig iron and many other items.

Allied diplomacy was represented by the British Ambassador, Sir Hughe M. Knatchbull-Hugessen, and the American Ambassador, Lawrence A. Steinhardt, who did everything possible to prevent the German invasion of Turkey. At the same time the Allied economic warfare authorities tried to shut off that part of Turkish exports to Germany which was essential to her war effort. In November, 1941, Turkey was declared eligible for lend-lease goods, in a move to strengthen the Turkish Army so it could resist in the event of German invasion. For the same reason the British built docks, military roads and airfields in Turkey, partly with lend-lease equipment. In an effort to prevent Germany from acquiring essential raw materials from Turkey, the Foreign Economic Administration undertook a purchasing program with the sole purpose of outbidding Germany.

As a result of early German reverses and her own (although limited) rearmament, Turkey's attitude toward Germany stiffened considerably. In response to an Allied note of April 18, 1944 requesting that Turkey cut off her export of chrome to Germany, Turkey imposed an embargo on chrome ore two days later. The Turkish embargo deprived Germany of at least half of her supplies of this alloy essential for hardening special steels for armor plate and other war goods. All that Hitler could count on of this material came from Yugoslav and Greek mines which were seriously threatened by guerrilla activities.

Turkey took the embargo action "not as a neutral but as an ally of the British and of their Allies," the then Foreign Minister, Menemencioglu, told the Assembly. "A belligerent country's note to a neutral country asking not to sell material to a certain country would probably raise the question of rights of neutral countries and might provoke discussion," the Foreign Minister was quoted as saying. "But according to the policy we adopted in 1939 and have followed since, and according to our pact signed in 1939 with Great Britain, we are not neutrals. In this respect it is necessary for us to consider the Allied note being not to a neutral but to an ally of the British and of their Allies."

★

It might be stressed that Mr. Menemencioglu, who resigned two months later, was known as a fervent partisan of Turkish cautiousness. His resignation in favor of Saracoglu can be traced to that fact that although a skilful diplomat he was on bad personal terms with British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden and was reputed to be anti-Russian. The latter accounts for the organized pressure of the pro-Russian faction in Turkey which finally succeeded in eliminating him from the political scene, in anticipation of events to come.

On August 2, 1944, Turkey broke her diplomatic and economic relations with Germany, thus putting an end to the subtle diplomatic game she was forced to play by the vulnerability of her military and strategic position, albeit with the complete approval of the Allies. It should not be assumed, however, that Turkey is or ever has been a blind satellite of the Allies. On the contrary, her main concern is her national independence. At present Turkey is being accused of having been petrified with fear of a seemingly invincible Germany. If her apprehension was justified then, it is justified now in the light of Russian imperialist aggression in Eastern and Central Europe and in the Middle East.

With her very limited military strength, Turkey may easily be transformed into another Czechoslovakia. The period after Munich resounded with Neville Chamberlain's vain prayers for peace, just as recently similar prayers have echoed from the rostrums at the San Francisco Conference. Those prayers alone will not prevent changes in the balance of power upon which peace depends.

★

If Turkey falls to the Russian Empire, the twilight of the British Empire will set in, leading inevitably to Russian domination of the immense human and material resources of Europe, Asia and Africa. Such a catastrophe would threaten America as well, whose only choice now is either to back the independence of Turkey and the position of Great Britain that makes it possible, or to back Russia's imperial drive. If she backs Turkey and Great Britain, America would be acting in her own self-interest and according to her most cherished principles of democracy; if she sanctions Russian domination of Turkey, she will betray both. The issue cannot be reduced to just another "imperialist squabble." The choice is between democracy and totalitarianism.

The East-Bound

Worse than the August night-hawks that dived and sighed
At your head till you gave up and ran
Stiffly across the rough alfalfa field
With a big warm splash on your hand that cherished the
milk-pail—
Worse than those groaning birds, hoarser, but like them
Up in the air flying along the embankment
Vaulting the hollow of your evening errands,
The monstrous west-bound came too close, the west-bound
Drove you right into the ground,

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Ripe for the piercing agony of the steam,
The regular jest of some grinning engineer,
Shot with a hiss at the kid caught out after twilight . . .
And then in a second it was wrath in the girders
Of the near bridge, the one on the way home from school,
You had trespassed on and knew only too well . . .
And in twenty minutes it would reach the town
You knew. You knew that line of iron and cinders
The highway hewed to till it petered out
In bumpy branchings (certain pairs of rails
Led to the roundhouse should the train go lame!)
The long sad sheds that finally got a lid
And the clocktower of the station where it stopped
In our shopping city, which was not so much.

But the east-bound, of which your mother said,
"Will we ever take it, will we ever know
What it is to just pick up and go . . ." was another story.
It found you after breakfast before school,
Frequently dashing to the south window
Stubbornly steamy with the sharp weather.
You had to rub a place and rub again
And while you were at it sometimes Mother came.
"That makes a mark!" she said. . . . But then you heard it!
Trouble its bridge with a remote toy roar
(The far-off trestle where you never ventured)
And small and busy, black and gay
As a play train beneath the Christmas tree,
To Mother's dark brooding and your dazzled eyes
The east-bound train ran clear into the sun.

WARREN RAMSEY.

Young Destroyers

CHARLES J. DUTTON

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE smiled at me ironically. "Want to see three desperate criminals?" He gave me no chance to reply. "We just solved our latest crime wave," he continued. "Fourteen stores broken into, twelve hundred dollars' worth of C gas coupons stolen, torn up and thrown in the streets, forty-five ten-dollar bills torn into bits and scattered. Come along!"

He led me through the corridor into the detention pen. There were our three criminals. Not at all downcast—in fact rather cheerful, pleased with themselves. Three desperate criminals, who had kept the police of a great city running around in circles for a month. Who had stolen over thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of property, and destroyed about the same amount!

Their ages: 11, 14, and 15 years.

Back in the hall, the Superintendent swore roundly. "You used to be in parole work. What can you do with kids like that? They're our big problem here—juvenile gangsters. Right now it's the big problem of every police department in the country."

I could have described something another police chief had shown me, only a few days before. "I am going to show you a church," he had said. Police chiefs are scarcely in the habit of extending such invitations. It was a beautiful church, situated in the most prosperous section of the city. What startled me as we climbed out of the car was the policeman on guard at the entrance.

Once the interior of that church must have been very lovely. It was so no longer. As I stepped into the nave, I pulled up short and gasped. One would have thought a bomb had dropped from an enemy plane. Pews were overturned and many had great gashes in them. The altar was smashed to bits. The baptismal font lay on its side—in three pieces. The organ gave me the greatest shock of all. It was a rather famous organ, its glittering rows of golden pipes forming a background for the altar. Now these pipes had great gashes in them, as though someone in a perverted moment had tried to hack each one to bits.

"Kids!" growled the chief. "A gang of them. Took them three nights to do this. Six kids, the oldest 16, the youngest 12. Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of destruction. Don't ask me why. They had no feeling against the church. Just wanted to bust up something."

On the ride back to the station, he grew eloquent: "What can you do with them? Their parents can't pay for the damage. It will do no good to send them to the state school for boys. I don't know what's happening to our kids. It's our biggest crime problem. They don't steal for gain; they generally throw away what they take—or smash it up. When they get nasty, they have a spirit of destruction and savagery beyond anything I've seen. The big crime problem of this country is kids. You ought to know, in your work."

He was referring to my present government employment which daily brings me in contact with law-enforcement officials in two states, and to previous work where as a parole official I had once supervised hundreds of men, young and old.

"Never in your parole days did you have the juvenile delinquency problem we have, or the type of crime. Why don't the public, the churches and schools, wake up?"

★

I remembered what the police chief of another town had told me only the week before. It was one of those small, quiet New England towns of wide, elm-shaded streets and generous lawns. A law-abiding town, "save," said the Chief, "for kids."

He had a few days before arrested six boys, ages 13 to 15. Freight cars had been robbed, articles had been stolen from stores and automobiles. The loot included one typewriter, two cameras, gas coupons, canned food and many

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other articles. Did these youths take the canned food home? Not they. It was thrown in a nearby river, as was the typewriter—after it had been smashed—and the fine cameras. The gas coupons were torn into shreds and tossed in the street. Also arrested in that town were four youths who had done thirty-four hundred dollars' worth of damage to a schoolhouse, and all of them under 14.

In most police stations it is an unwritten rule to keep the names of youths under 16 out of the papers and if possible to settle the case quietly. In the instance I have just recited the parents were called in, and, after much argument, agreed to pay for the stolen goods. In part, that is, for no one can today replace an expensive camera or a typewriter that has been smashed to bits.

The chief was right. Ten years ago we did not have the type of juvenile crime, the kind of juvenile offender we have today. I am not thinking of the young people Courtney Riley Cooper pictured in his book "Designs in Scarlet"; they were 18 years and older. Horrible as was the picture he drew in his book, conditions are far worse now. Today when police talk of "juvenile delinquency," they mean children under 15, even 10 years old. What alarms the police is the savagery of many of these juveniles, their delight in sheer destruction. Boys are presumed to love dogs, but the juvenile gang that spent its spare moments kidnapping dogs, hanging them by the neck and setting fires under the suffering animals could hardly have been engaged in "childish pranks." A psychologist would give it another name.

★

Ask the police chief of any city and he will tell you it is this sheer delight in smashing something, this useless destruction of property that frightens him. For "these kids will grow up." The seven youngsters, for instance, who discovered a private fishing club and spent three happy afternoons in it. They found two axes in the club and used them. Walls and furniture were hacked to bits, gas stove and refrigerator were demolished, holes were even gouged in the roof. When it was over the club was a wreck. The only excuse: "We wanted some fun!" Or the group which did thirty-five thousand dollars' damage to Army radio installations, and all of them under 15 years of age. . . .

Another puzzling thing is that so many of the thefts are not for gain. The group that stole four hundred and fifty dollars in ten-dollar bills simply tore them up. Gas coupons are rarely sold; they are torn into shreds. Little of the loot stolen from cars and stores is kept; it is smashed and discarded.

The sadist streak in some of these youngsters is appalling. It is difficult to explain the two eleven-year-old boys whose pastime was dropping lighted matches into baby carriages. Nor are the violent deeds, the murders even, any more accountable. For there are murders by children, many of them. And it's a bit difficult to know what to do when your murderer is 13 years old, as is the latest one in my own city. There are some even younger.

If you believe the police are unduly alarmed, just scan the daily papers of any city in the country. And remember that it is the general policy to keep names of juveniles out of the papers—in many states even the hearings are private. Too often there is nothing that can be done. As one young gentleman informed me—"You can't take me to the probation officer—I am not 7 years old!" He knew his law; he was correct even though he had been concerned in more than twenty robberies.

What lies at the root of this problem? Let's forget what social workers, clergymen, teachers have to say. Let's go to the men who have to deal with the problem daily. That overworked, understaffed group upon whom the war thrust a hundred extra problems, who had to handle much of the preliminary defense protection for all government intelligence agencies—to the police. In the main I agree with what they say. There is a psychological background. For six years the world has dealt with destruction, death, hatreds, and violence. These youngsters have grown up under abnormal conditions. This is recognized by all who are in close contact with them. Certain things have exaggerated this condition. The police do not like that flood of misnamed "comic" magazines, which are everything but comic. Filled with the wildest of adventures, with vicious killings and sadistic tortures, whenever you find youngsters in the toils of the law, you find among their possessions these "comic" magazines. You might also ask your police chief his feelings regarding the reappearance of the gangster films, glorifying and making heroes of the degenerate, cheap gangs of the prohibition days.

I have named some of the minor causes. The major blame for children running wild the police place directly upon parents. Getting women out of the kitchen into the factories may have aided the war effort, but it's played havoc with the home. In hundreds of thousands of cases, both husband and wife work. Often the woman is on the 3:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. shift, favorite working hours for many women. To reach her factory in many cases a woman leaves home around 2:00 o'clock, not long before her children return from school. The children have the hours until dark, or after, to themselves. Discipline, authority has vanished from thousands of homes.

Even in the schools today there is little, if any, discipline. Indeed the progressive schools are opposed to "discipline" or punishment. The child

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is presumed to be allowed to do as he pleases at all times. This, we are told, develops his personality and abilities. Of course if there is, in the child, a sadistic streak, some emotional unbalance, this sort of non-discipline will develop that also. It has in many cases.

One could write a volume upon the reasons the police give for the "crime wave among kids." In the main they come down to what we have written. No discipline in home or school; some educators firmly believing that to discipline a child is to ruin his personality; parents who are at work and too tired to know what their children are doing; the psychological effect of an age of bloodshed and violence; absurd "comics" and children's radio hours filled with blood and thunder, death and violence.

★

You doubt the last? This noon at lunch, in a rather select dining place, a gentleman aged 4, and unknown to me, looked out of the window down to a shining river lined with railroad tracks. He told me his ambition: "I'm going down there and get on a train and throw dirt in his eyes!"

"You will get spanked."

"Oh, you can't spank kids. I'm going to tear his arms off, break his neck, and wreck the train. Wait and see! That's what ———— does on the radio."

There you have it. And the sad thing is I know children who have tried to wreck trains. I saw one aged 13 yesterday. This young gentleman who entertained me at lunch is apt to get in trouble later on. As to a remedy. All police departments, the various legal authorities, believe something should be done to place the responsibility directly upon the parents. And they mean legal responsibility. When children steal, the parents should be forced to make good the amount of the theft. When they destroy property, the parents should be forced to make good the damage. Of course in these days of property destruction running into thousands, the last might prove impossible.

Several police chiefs have proposed an alternative. In every case where a juvenile gets in trouble by being allowed to run wild or being on the streets late at night, the parents should be brought into court and fined for neglect. Such things will not of course solve the growing problem. They might help. So would restoring the power of discipline to the school teachers.

But somehow I believe the trouble lies in the home.

Last week I sat with the chief of police of a fairly large New England city. The chief was well-trained, had taken the FBI course and kept up in his reading on modern criminology. He was a much-disturbed official that day. He looked at a new report and his lips tightened as he threw it down on the desk. "Another one! Fourteen years old this time. I never faced anything like it. It's getting worse. Think of children brought to me for murder, rape, arson, theft. Our probation officer can't even keep up with his work." He scowled, banged his hand on the desk. "That's our big problem. Why don't people wake up? Don't they read the papers? Why don't parents, schools, churches, see what is ahead? Why don't they wake up?" I had no answer.

The Screen

Is Good

THIS sudden spurt of interest in farm pictures makes a welcome change in film fare. Not that the recent examples would by any means indicate a trend in movies advocating a back-to-the-earth movement. On the whole Hollywood has left the problems of farming and rural communities pretty much alone; so it is interesting to note that three of the best films on the screens today have farmers in their leading rôles. "The Southerner" (reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL June 1, 1945) belongs to the same drab, realistic school that gave us "Grapes of Wrath"; in this case, however, nature more than man causes most of the disasters that make these tenant farmers suffer unlimited hardships. "State Fair," reviewed last week, goes to the other extreme and gives the impression that men of the soil lead a rather pleasant life; of course, this new version of Phil Stong's novel is a musical film and shows the farmer and his family in a playful and romantic mood with appropriate Grant Woodish technicolor backgrounds and a delightful Rodgers-Hammerstein score. Somewhere between the extreme poverty and suffering of "The Southerner" and the glowing prosperity and sentiment of "State Fair" lies the newest addition of Hollywood's embryo farm cycle: *"Our Vines Have Tender Grapes."*

This is an unusual picture in that it has almost no plot as it relates the events that occur from fall to spring in a Norwegian farm community in Wisconsin. Dalton Trumbo based his slow-moving script on George Victor Martin's book, "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," and Roy Rowland has directed it with loving care and emphasis on characterization and revealing incident. Its story, if such it might be called, is concerned with growth, growth of things in nature, growth of character through understanding. Selma's calf grows bigger and then takes on new importance when the little girl donates it to the farmer whose life savings were wiped out by fire; Selma's father realizes that a new barn is not the most necessary thing in his life; the school teacher from Milwaukee learns to appreciate the true worth of small town folk; Selma herself learns many things about life as she grows older and taller from that September when she kills the squirrel until the following spring when the fruit trees are again in blossom.

Director Rowland and that fine actress Margaret

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O'Brien have filled the film with the wonderful awe of growing up on a farm. Selma learns about the cruelty of death and the joy of birth; she learns from her wise and loving father (played by Edward G. Robinson with remarkable simplicity and understatement) that it is better not to have anything than to be afraid; she learns about the solitary bitterness of injustice when she is wrongly blamed for meanness to her playmate (played with accurate small-boy contrariness by freckled Jackie Jenkins) and she is sent to bed without supper on her birthday; she learns the happiness and good feeling that comes with giving; and she experiences the thrill of a new and exotic sensation when her father takes her to watch the circus go through town in the early morning hours and she is allowed—of all wonderful things—to ride on the elephant. The camera succeeds in catching this episode, as the child rises high on the elephant's head, the very ecstacy of living—an ecstacy that Margaret O'Brien conveys again later as she tells the Nativity story in church on Christmas.

The large supporting cast surrounding these players, also well directed by Rowland, includes Agnes Moorehead as Selma's level-headed mother; Frances Gifford as the city school teacher who at first dislikes Fuller Junction because she finds petty thoughtlessness and cruelty predominating over bigness of heart and good-neighborliness; James Craig, known to the townsfolk as "Editor," who finally convinces the school teacher of the advantages of a rural community. The episodes built around the half-witted girl and her father are badly muffed in the telling and seem to be dragged into the film only to counteract the sweetness and light of which there is plenty. There are, of course, skeletons in the closets of small town life, but this particular panorama would have done better to stick to the every day details without any artificial notes. The two melodramatic sequences, showing the hairbreadth escape of the children riding down the flood in a bath tub and later the exciting fire in the neighbor's barn, are acceptable for their revelation of character in the aftermath. Unforgettable is Robinson's portrayal of thankfulness as his daughter is rescued, and of dejection as he says after the fire: "I have just killed twenty-one pure-bred Jerseys."

Although "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" does not have the universality of "Our Town," it is still an honest and appealing picture of rural life and should attract movie-goers who don't seek a thrill in every reel. It provides superior entertainment for audiences who like intimate detail and good performances and who might even be moved by nostalgic reminders of their own past. No doubt on the box-office success of these new farm films depends the future production of stories with rural backgrounds. Hollywood might even discover the untapped works of Ruth Suckow, Zona Gale, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather and other authors whose books should be adaptable to cinema.

There was a time when the Western or good old cowboy movie might have been considered a farm film—or at least one that gave a picture of rural life. That was back when men were men and smelled like camels. Now-

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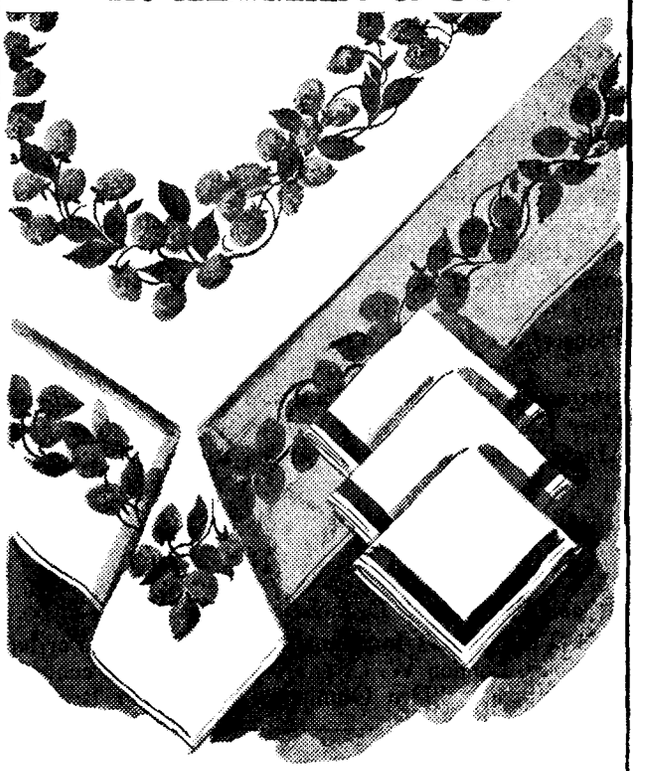

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adays this type of movie is frequently referred to as a horse opera, and recently, alas, the emphasis is on opera. It has become more necessary for a cowboy to sing than to ride a horse—and cows, according to these pictures are practically extinct. An example of the state of decadence into which this genre has fallen is the forthcoming *"Man From Oklahoma."* Roy Rogers, who plays the lead, is really a likable chap with thousands of fans. He is called the King of Cowboys and he's an expert horseman. (The horse's name is Trigger. I met him once at a party; and he's very handsome too.) But Roy should be more careful about his movies, for he has made some good ones and he can sing cowboy ballads exceedingly well. In this new film Roy and the Sons of the Pioneers are in New York trying to land a radio contract. They wind up in Oklahoma in the midst of a protracted feud. This is just the kind of Western that Gary Cooper is satirizing in "Along Came Jones." As Mama would say in "I Remember Mama": "Is Bad."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Beyond Personality. C. S. Lewis. Macmillan. $1.00.

IN THE BBC's functional entrance hall on Portland Place, London W. C. 1, a vast granite slab confronts all who pass. "Deo Omnipotenti Sir John Reith," it proclaims. There has been a good deal of plaintive protest from the Left, during these war years, that only those Christian views Mr. C. S. Lewis so happily calls "central" have been given official air. Anglicans, Catholics, even Presbyterians—one might say, in general, all those bodies possessing both a creed and a catechism—have spread themselves. Miss Dorothy Sayers, Father Ronald Knox, Miss Barbara Ward, and above all, Mr. C. S. Lewis, are definitely English religious radio stars. But, the Left grumbles, it's so hard to get an airing if one is Quaker or Unitarian or Low Church or just plain unorthodox. No one pays much attention to such complaints; they are rightly dismissed as just politics. But it *is* a fact that in England the return to religion which has resulted from, or coincided with, World War II, has been by and large a return to Orthodoxy, in the Chestertonian sense. And the BBC has been a prominent factor in that return.

Theology, *Life* Magazine discovered in a powerful editorial published this year in Easter Week, is essential. Mr. C. S. Lewis, in eleven short talks, reprinted here by Macmillan, sets out to prove that necessity. Every century gets the theology it deserves: in England the fourteenth century produced the Cloud of Unknowing; the fifteenth, John Wyclif; the sixteenth, Thomas Cranmer; the seventeenth, John Donne; the eighteenth, John Wesley; the nineteenth, John Henry Newman, and the twentieth offers us the author of "The Screwtape Letters." It is delightful to note with what economy, in the idiom of their time, the unknown author of the Cloud, and "your own C. S. Lewis," as the compère might well announce him, say precisely and exactly the same things. "You may ask" Mr. Lewis apostrophises his millions of listeners, "if we can't, imagine a three-personal Being, what is the good of talking about Him? Well, there isn't any good in talking about Him. The thing that matters is being actually drawn into that three-personal life. . . . And . . . what does it matter? It matters more than anything else in the world. The whole dance or drama or pattern of this three-personal life is to be played out in each one of us; or (putting it the other way round) each one of us has got to enter that pattern, take his place in that dance." And the author of the Cloud: "Our loving soul in itself, by virtue of love, may comprehend in itself Him Who is sufficient to the full—and much more without comparison—to fill all the souls and angels that may be. And this is the endless marvelous miracle of love, the working of which shall never have end, for ever shall he do it, and never shall he cease for to do it."

Mr. Lewis concludes, "once a man is united to God, how could he *not* live forever? Once a man is separated from God, what *can* he do but wither and die?" And the Cloud's author: "The feeling of this is endless bliss, and the contrary is endless pain." And as to how and when the Christing of man is to begin, here is Mr. Lewis: "Christ says 'Give Me all. I don't want so much of your time and so much of your money and so much of your work. I want *you*. I have not come to torment your natural self, but to kill it.' Christ never talked vague idealistic gas. When He said 'Be perfect' He meant it. . . . The Church exists for nothing else but to draw men into Christ." And the Cloud: "for it is neither longer nor shorter, but exactly equal to one stirring that is within the principal working power of thy soul, the which is thy will . . . so that thou shouldst

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stretch unto the sovereign desirable and unto the highest willable thing, the which is God."

The first job when you wake up each morning is "just shoving back all the wishes and hopes for the day that rush at you like wild animals," cautions Mr. Lewis, and the Cloud bids the disciple, "Keep thou the windows and doors of the soul from flies and enemies assailing."

Mr. Lewis' explanation of predestination and free-will is very neat, and Saint Thomas would have found no fault in it. "All the days are 'Now' for Him. He doesn't *remember* you doing things yesterday: He simply *sees* you doing them, because although you've lost yesterday, He has not. He doesn't *foresee* you doing things tomorrow; He simply *sees* you doing them, because though tomorrow is not yet there for you, it is for Him." For, Mr. Lewis goes on to explain, "God has no history. He is too utterly and completely *real* to have one. For, of course, to have a history means losing part of your reality (because it's already slipped away into the past) and not yet having another part (because it's still in the future) in fact having nothing but the tiny little present. God forbid we should think God like that! Even *we* may hope not to be always rationed in that way."

Perhaps the most telling of the talks, however, is the one which explains why Christians aren't, in fact, nicer than they are, and aren't nicer than non-Christians. Niceness or nastiness, *per se,* are not what God worries about, Mr. Lewis explains. He knows that both are generally the products of outside circumstances, good digestions, good environments, etc. The only thing that He is anxious about is "will they [human beings] or will they not, turn to Him? Their free will is trembling inside them like the needle of a compass. But this is a needle that can choose. It *can* point to its true North; but it needn't."

The unity and continuity of the "permanent central tradition" which Mr. Lewis assures us "the vast majority of Christian churches have agreed upon for a great many centuries" is no doubt a great comfort to Mr. Lewis. But, in leaning over backward to avoid a word he is obliged to say every Sunday (for it occurs in whichever of the "three central creeds" he uses) he raises in his readers' minds the query, does he believe there are any channels for Grace? If you are close to the "great fountain of energy and beauty spurting up from the very center of reality, it will wet you. If you're not, you will remain dry," he tells us. And he assumes you can begin to share in the life of the Trinity "anytime, tonight if you like." This does not quite gibe with his rather petulant remarks in the Preface anent "some listeners" who "were offended" because they, "claiming to be Christians," differed from "this official view" on "certain points." Mr. Lewis frankly admits he thinks the belief of such people—and of all who deviate from the "central tradition"—is false. Period. But for him "the whole Christian community is the one really adequate instrument for learning about God . . . waiting for Him together . . . Christian brotherhood is, so to speak, the technical instrument for this science . . . the laboratory outfit."

This is a very picayune view of the Church, surely. She, who is the Whole Christ, who in her body, and in that of each one of her members, completes the Passion? *"Now ye are together the body of Christ,"* says Saint Paul, and Saint John Chrysostom says the altar of the faithful is more august than the stone altar, because "it is made of this very Victim . . . it *is* the body of Christ." One wonders just how many of "those who profess and call themselves Christian," rather than Catholic, would agree with anything Mr. Lewis says? In fact, it seems sadly as if his Grand Central would turn out to be only Union Station—a rendezvous—an L.C.M., for High, Middle (or Broad) and Low churchmen of the Church of England.

It would be most helpful to his readers—and might perhaps be so to Mr. Lewis himself—if next time he publishes his talks in book form, he were to give a brief bibliography of his sources—perhaps even with their dates.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Brazil: An Interpretation. Gilberto Freyre. Knopf. $2.

MR. GILBERTO FREYRE is one of the most remarkable Brazilian writers of the present generation. His influence in his country is great indeed, and his work is indisputably among its most important. The work he has been carrying out as a social historian toward interpreting Brazilian history and Brazilian life is only comparable in its relevance and originality to that of Euclides da Cunha (author of "Rebellion in the Backlands").

In truth, he not only brought a revolutionary approach to social and historical studies, popularizing new methods in historiography and in sociological research, but also made a thorough revision of the concepts and interpretations of Brazilian history.

This small volume, made up of lectures given in 1944 at Indiana University—the Patten Foundation lectures—constitutes an excellent synthesis of the main ideas and conceptions to the dissemination of which in Brazil the author's work has contributed so much through lectures, articles and his various books published in that country, beginning with the famous "Casa Grande & Senzala," of 1933, the most influential of all.

Gilberto Freyre stresses the rôle of the three ethnical elements which have contributed to the formation of the Brazilian racial amalgam: the Portuguese, the Negro and the Indian. And it is precisely the ethnic element, the theory of fusionism, and particularly the emphasis placed on the Negro's contribution, which figure among the concepts most affected by Mr. Freyre's fresh ideas. The rôle of the *mestizo,* his struggle for social adjustment, the stressing of the value of the common people and of regional energies, the defense of regionalism, the interpretation of the old Northeastern civilization based on aristocracy, sugar plantations and slavery; these and other themes, which are central in present-day Brazilian historiography, owe to Mr. Freyre a good deal of interpretative light.

Although one of the most enlightened and passionate pioneers of social history in Brazil, Mr. Freyre does not, on the other hand, escape certain exaggerations in his social interpretation of Brazilian history and life. In his work one finds a tendency to reduce all historical interpretation to social terms. If the social aspect is an integral part of national reality, it is not, however, the whole, nor can one explain the life of a people from a purely social angle. It is quite licit for contemporary historians to show an interest in, as Unamuno put it, "getting out of ministerial offices," opening wide windows upon the life of the whole people—in the fields, the factories, the streets.

But it is *not* licit for them to interpret the whole life

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of a nation through the social prism, to explain national life in social terms. This dangerous tendency is noticeable in Mr. Freyre's works, as is well exemplified in the last chapter of this book, viz., "The Modern Literature of Brazil: Its Relation to Brazilian Social Problems." If, on the one hand, one cannot fail to recognize how much is added to an understanding of literature and the arts by data taken from social history, the study of literature and the arts, on the other hand, becomes no more than external when it is reduced to the social aspect only. As a critic of art and literature, Mr. Freyre places himself in a certain school of sociological criticism which was in fashion through the late twenties and early thirties, and with which are associated the works of Calverton, Cauldwell, Schucking, and the Marxists. For Mr. Freyre, literature and art "are also the concern of the sociologist, of the social historian or anthropologist, and of the social psychologist"; that is true, from the historical and social viewpoint, if one refers to data supplied by literature and art to the historian and the sociologist for an interpretation of society.

But to present the social origins of literature and art as a complete causal explanation of their nature does not seem legitimate to those in favor of some interpretation of literary and artistic phenomena *per se,* as autonomous.

Notwithstanding his tendency to exaggerate his social interpretation of history and culture; notwithstanding a certain tendency toward the picturesque and toward social "anecdotes"; notwithstanding a certain inclination to generalize, and a nostalgic wistfulness for a past age, which was extinguished simultaneously with the aristocratic and agrarian civilization which he studies; and despite the danger which lies in the very seductiveness of the picture he presents—the danger of being trapped by exaggeration—one must recognize that Mr. Freyre has given us a fascinating interpretation of a fascinating historical and social experiment.

AFRANIO COUTINHO.

Big Business in a Democracy. James Truslow Adams. Scribner's. $2.75.

THERE IS something deeply tragic about this slipshod and almost obscene eulogy of American Big Business in general and of the General Motors Corporation in particular. It was written hurriedly with an avowed premonition on Mr. Adams's part that this may be his "swan-song," his "last word to the people I have loved and believed in. . . ." I sincerely hope that the author is as weak at prophecy as he obviously is at economics and the other social sciences—to say nothing of biology and anthropology. For he owes it to himself to take leave of a grateful following with something more representative of his talents than this fatuous hodgepodge of social Darwinism and latter-day reactionary hokum—a hodgepodge which even the paid publicity boys of the NAM would blush to acknowledge as their own. I say this reluctantly, for I received my first introduction to the glories of American history—as have so many other Americans—under the tutelage of Mr. Adams's fascinating books. I can only hope that I did not unwittingly imbibe from his earlier writings any of the stark individualism which he now openly admits to be deeply ingrained in his entire makeup.

For all of its disconnectedness, "Big Business in a Democracy" sets out to prove a central thesis, which it then applies in a single-minded way. To the best of my understanding, the thesis is that the settlement and development of the United States marked "the most important turning point and change of direction for the common man in all history, a combination which developed as one of its *functions,* a function essential for the change of direction, *mass production and big business of the American type.*" For his specific application or case-study Mr. Adams singles out the General Motors Corporation for 150 pages of rhapsodic eulogy, which, I repeat, continually borders on the downright obscene.

There's something to be said for American Big Business, of course, but Mr. Adams, in his unwontedly careless efforts to prove its absolute uniqueness as an agency for social betterment, loses both the reader and himself in a macabre fairy-land, compounded in equal measure of sunday-supplement evolution and large splashes of world history. I shall leave this section of his book to the mercies of the professional historians and anthropologists—and to Mr. Henry Wallace and Governor Arnall of Georgia, who also have an opinion or two about the virtues of American Big Business.

In the application of his thesis Mr. Adams proves to the hilt the fallacy of the myth of the economic man, for without receiving so much as a penny for his efforts (". . . for those suspicious souls who always smell a cash profit in connection with publicity of any kind, I may say that there is none"), he has written for General Motors the equivalent of thousands of dollars worth of advertising copy. The trouble is that in a dozen different ways he insinuates into his slick-paper copy his own (and GM's?) economic and social philosophy. And, from start to finish, it's pretty shallow stuff—so shallow that I challenge even the vigilant editors of the *New Yorker* to duplicate the following little gem from any author of equal stature and equal reputation: "Perhaps our big business is, after all, the Mount Arrarat on which the ark of free civilization is to rest after the world flood."

Mr. Adams is "neither a Republican nor a Democrat." It may be so, but the bewildered reader is left to explain to his own satisfaction why a self-styled independent lashes out (somewhat sophomorically after a while) no less than fifteen times at government "bureaucrats"; why he attacks the New Deal no less than five times; why he indulges in country-club humor about Wallace's immortal "bottle-of-milk-for-every-Hottentot"; why he snipes at the "notorious" Wagner Act; why he laughs so patronizingly at government "yardsticks" of the TVA variety; etc., etc. But nothing will ever explain to my satisfaction how a man of his stature could conceivably sign his distinguished name to the following Kiwanis peroration: "There is bound to be risk and uncertainty. The new Bill of Rights, as promulgated in the voluminous Report of the National Resources Planning Board headed by President Roosevelt's amiable and kindly eighty-one-year-old uncle, Mr. Delano, may demand as correlative rights the right to adventure and the right to security, but God did not make the world that way. You cannot indulge in the sense of adventure and that of security simultaneously. You can take your choice, but you can't have them both at the same time. Why God made the world that way, I do not know. He may have told Mr. Delano and the New Deal more than is revealed in history and the Bible, but I can find no satisfactory Q.E.D." If Mr. Adams is not a registered Republican of the very old school, Mr. Brownell has been loafing on the job.

Adams informs us—to this reviewer's incredulous sur-

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prise—that he's also a "student of economics." As one who is possibly a little closer to the books, I can only suggest that he must have slept through the course on labor economics and must have completed his schooling before the better universities began to offer required courses on monopolistic competition. Mr. Adams, to be sure, admits the usefulness of (honest) trade unions, but he opines that the profits of this war have gone almost exclusively into the pockets of labor, that the Wagner Act was all a big mistake, and, finally, that "although I am far from a specialist in labor relations, I cannot see that GM could do more than it is doing to satisfy both government and labor." Obviously Mr. Adams has never heard of the CIO Industry Council Plan, or of Pius XI's "Industries and Professions." One wonders, too, if he has ever heard of the La Follette Reports and the monographs of the TNEC.

A refresher course in monopolistic competition, or a hurried reading of Burns's classic, "The Decline of Competition," would modify, if not completely shatter, Mr. Adams's naïve assumption that the American economy is characterized by free competition. And a casual reading of this morning's newspaper would tell him that we're in a very bad way, indeed, if "Big Business in the American sense" and "the totalitarian and all-powerful State" are our only alternatives. But Mr. Adams is a historian and not an economist and is committed furthermore to the slightly less than novel thesis that "social science," even admitting its importance as a subject for research, "is no more a 'science' than puppy-love is." Even at that, we might have expected Mr. Adams to have heard of the Full Employment Bill as a temporary alternative, but he excuses himself when, lamenting in another connection the difficulty of keeping up with current news, he concludes that "we just can't keep up with it all, and so we get a bit here and a bit there, and finally we throw up our hands, and say that we are going out to the garden to eat worms."

Well, there's more to the book than this. But it's all from the same old anachronistic cloth. Mr. Adams is careful more than once to slap Big Business on the wrist for its failures of the past (although he almost takes it all back by suggesting later on that economic morals are relative anyhow), but the present is sweetness-and-light, and we're on the road to something even better, if only the "bureaucrats" will mind their own darned business and pay retroactive homage to the profit motive.

I apologize for writing a partisan review of a very partisan book, and now, while Mr. Adams climbs to the security of Mount Arrarat to scan the wreckage of the flood, I think I'll go out to the garden.

GEORGE J. HIGGINS.

Ourselves, Inc. Leo R. Ward. Harper. $2.50.

THE war has obviously hastened our social crisis. A new English Labor Government in England—to a lesser extent Canada's CCF—have, with Soviet domination of large new areas, followed hard upon the heels of government operation of many war plants in the capitalist countries; demobilization with its attendant unemployment will accentuate popular pressure in America for the State to step in and set up an economy of plenty. Business, especially big business, is still strong here, but its inability of function on all cylinders in peacetime has greatly strengthened its increasingly powerful rival, the State. A great duel is in prospect. Mean-

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while slowly, all too slowly grows the movement which represents "the middle way" between irresponsible big business and all-paternalistic government: consumers cooperation.

In his impressionistic fashion Father Ward indicates the power of big business by the signs and billboards for nationally advertised products which he encounters in scores of American communities. He expresses well the widespread conviction that the rest of the country is being milked for the benefit of a grasping favored few on the Eastern Seaboard—what Americans generally mean by Wall Street. Absentee ownership and absentee landlordship, which is reflected in the large agricultural benefit payments which go to Eastern insurance companies. Father Ward sees in the growing demand for socialized medicine one threat of domination by the State. Here I think he gives too many choices. There are not three but two. In their present temper the common people will no longer put up with the present inadequate situation regarding hospitals and medical care; we shall have either socialized or cooperative medicine. And I'm afraid that the first of these is much more likely to eventuate.

Father Ward utilizes the oil industry to show by specific example that with consumers cooperation "the factories are free." In other words the capital costs of refineries, pipelines, trucks, etc., are paid off by the profits of the first year or two, further reducing the cost to members of the gas they organized to produce for their own use. In this field "the factories are free."

Consumers cooperation is inevitably a matter of detail. It seems difficult to sustain excitement about it for long. American cooperators, at least, smother you with statistics after a moment or two of preliminary general enthusiasm. Perhaps that is the easiest way to make the co-op achievement tangible. Father Ward is liberal with his statistics, too. And he skims lightly as a skipping stone over most of the communities to which he alludes—so lightly over Granger, Iowa, for instance, that he does not even mention Msgr. Ligutti, who is the only reason that the down-at-the-heel miners reached their present thriving estate. And when the author does write about people, he isn't personal enough, *verbatim* as his dialogue must be. He seldom goes below the surface except to generalize along sound cooperative lines. To me his book is packed with evidence that people in every sort of situation, rural and urban, can organize cooperatively to develop for themselves and their communities a more abundant life, but as a cover-to-cover proposition it makes pallid reading. His style is a matter of taste. "Ourselves, Inc." shows a real grasp of cooperative principles and potentialities and could hardly appear at a more propitious hour. Essentially gradualistic, the co-ops need lots of time. If the postwar depression is too immediate and too cataclysmic, they will never be able to play their proper regulatory rôle for the benefit of the whole community. Not until state socialism has had its fling. Theirs is indeed a race against time.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The League of Frightened Philistines. James F. Farrell. Vanguard. $2.75.

HERE is a collection of critical papers by the author of "Studs Lonigan." He covers a wide field—Dreiser, Hemingway, Mark Twain, Ring Lardner, Dostoievsky, James Joyce, Chekhof, Lewis Mumford,

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Mortimer Adler. In asides he disposes of a goodly number of our contemporary critical pundits. Naturally in a book covering so wide a field, expressing so great a number of judgments, there will be meat for almost any intelligent palate.

There are two ways of reviewing a book like this. Either you write an essay fully as long as one of Mr. Farrell's, picking out things with which you agree and things with which you heartily disagree, and then explaining why you feel the way you do about them, or—and that is what I am doing here—you seek only to give a little idea of the flavor of the book in the hope that readers interested in the literary criticism will dig into it for themselves. It seems to me that Mr. Farrell's literary instincts are deeply sound. By this I mean that when he is not put off by a political view or prejudice—and often even when he is—he has a genuine flair for detecting humbuggery and an admirable taste for sound writing. Such attributes alone make him one of the best critics of our day and make everything he writes in this medium entirely worth our attention. His treatments of Dostoievsky and Joyce alone are worth the price of this volume. But unhappily Mr. Farrell has a terrible weakness.

I do not at all refer to his revolutionary views, since he admirably succeeds in preventing them from warping his mind and heart, as such views are so likely to warp the minds and hearts of those who hold them. Perhaps his anti-Stalinism saves him here, since of all the warped, the Stalinists are the worst and most conspicuous. The fault which must disturb an informed reader consists of Mr. Farrell's belief that, having been brought up a Catholic, he is a complete master of Catholic philosophy, theology and thought. Unfortunately, like many who have never left the Church, his knowledge of such matters is worse than rudimentary. What he has known is a little corner of the Catholic garden in which the weeds have sadly been allowed to grow rank. That this corner is the most conspicuous corner in our day is one of the great tragedies of our day. But if you fail to recognize that the corner is no more than a corner, if you never see the flowerbeds for the weeds, you fall into the most preposterous mistakes in judgment. Thus in a savage (and partly justified) attack on Mortimer Adler, Mr. Farrell informs us that in "True Humanism" Jacques Maritain "in reality defends the persecution of 'heretics' by state coercion." Maritain may have his faults, he may explain past events in the sense indicated. But the advocacy Farrell attributes to him is something Maritain himself explicitly abhors.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

CONTRIBUTORS

Alexander BAIRD did his university work at a number of European centers of learning. In this country he has been connected with New York University and Sweetbriar College, as well as doing a good deal of private research.

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